

BOB STIMSON

As told to Maxine Kortum Durney, July 25, 1989

The bloodtesting! How I remember the bloodtesting! We went out in crews of six or seven, for Poehlmann Hatchery, to test the birds, all of them, hens and roosters alike, on the breeding farms that were supplying eggs to the hatchery. We were testing for a disease that affected the chick while still in the egg, or very shortly after it was hatched. The head of our crew was a man named Hobbes. This is Summer of 1943.

Our equipment consisted of a number of cages that compartmentalized the birds until the test was over. The number of compartments coordinated with the number of squares drawn on a plate of glass was on a box in front of Mr. Hobbes.

The birds had been closed up in the house all night, and we left for work while it was still dark to test them and to free them, because they would get too hot in the houses if kept inside. We would be finished by noon.

We brought wire panels to help enclose the birds at one end of the house, and what a dusty job that was, rounding up the chickens who were ready to fly everywhere. Those that escaped us we caught with nets. The roosters would fight us, attacking with their spurs, one to one and a half inches long. They had to be watched, but like the hens, had to be tested.

We caught a bird, handed it to the farmer or someone else who would examine it to see if it were still laying, cull it if it were not, then hand it to the guy at the door, who, holding the two wings together, pulled feathers from the joint of the wing, right up against the body. Mr. Hobbes took a sample of blood and put it on a spot of reagent on a square of glass that corresponded to the compartment we would put the bird in. Each compartment had a door that you could punch in, and that the bird couldn't get out of. Hobbes would test a row of blood spots and then signal us to release the birds. A row of birds could be let out at once.

I can't remember ever catching one with the disease.

We were paid 75 cents an hour, pretty good pay at that time. One night after I had taken a long turn at pulling feathers, my mother woke me up because I was plucking wool, almost a square foot of it, from one of her good wool blankets.

Another job I had was at Golden Eagle in their warehouse where sacks were stored.

The sacks were waiting to be repacked and were full of dust. If they were wet, they heated up.

I was hired to work at night, to go around feeling the sacks for heat. I put my hand in between the sacks to feel for heat. Spontaneous combustion was a possibility. I had to be ready to handle a fire hose if there were fire.

Sometimes I got my brother-in-law, Leroy Green, to work with me. We had BB guns, to shoot the rats.

Robert Stimm

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Family History Questionnaire

	Name	Birthdate	Birthplace	Deceased? Date
Parents*	Dr. Clement Arthur Stimm	10-26-1902	Highland, CA	7-30-82
	Jesse Ellen Tebbe <small>OK</small>	10-1-1899	Yreka, CA	12-13-79
Brothers & Sisters	Joan Tebbe Stimm	12-22-32	Green San Francisco, CA	-
Grand-parents*	Charles Arthur Stimm	6-8-1870	La Pierre, Mich	10-1-51
	Mary Louise Ziliac	7-14-1877	St. Elizabeth, IL	6-22-30
	George Albert Tebbe	10-30-1866	Deadwood, CA	12-21-37
	Caroline Isabelle Davis	1-26-1874	Little Shasta, CA	4-4-62
Spouse	Joan Freeland Carter	7-3-1930	Hollwood, CA	-
Children	Nancy Freeland Stimm	11-10-56	Petaluma, CA	-
	Jennifer Tebbe Stimm	6-22-58	Petaluma, CA	-
	Jesse Robert Stimm ^{de Rodriguez}	7-14-63	Petaluma, CA	-
Grandchildren	Juan Diego Rodriguez	5-18-87	Quito, Ecuador	-
	Julio Ignacio Rodriguez	9-6-90	Quito, Ecuador	-

*Please include maiden name of mother and grandmothers.

THANK YOU!

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PLACE Petaluma, CA

DATE 11-28-97

Joan F. Skinnon
(Interviewee)

(for the Petaluma Historical Museum)